THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

For the Native American.

FOREIGN PATRIOTS.

I recommend the following interesting incident to the attentive perusal of those naturalized citizens who claim for *their* ancestors the merits of all the glorious achievements of our Revolution, and boast that we are indebted to them for our liberties; and would ask how many of their fathers, if interrogated on the same subject, would, like the old Hessian, answer, "ve soorrendered oonder Vashington—we vash of de Hessians;" or we might extend the inquiry to the descendants of the other *naturalized prisoners*, men who became patriots by *keeping*, and ask those Hibernians, if their sires, like the one who was present at the late celebration of the 4th of July, were of Lord Rawdon's boys, who devastated New York and became deserters from their own standards *after they were taken in battle* and could no longer do us injury? We might well ask this latter question, as we understand, that there are some such patriots in this city now, who, after being present at the conflagration of our Capitol, pretend to be *patent* patriots by virtue of an oath in such case made and provided. K.

A REVOLUTIONARY HERO—A FACT.

The Fourth of July, 18—, was celebrated in the usual manner, with civic and military rejoicings, in one of the most considerable towns in Eastern, Pennsylvania. In the evening of the day a public festival was held within a beautiful grove at the suburbs of the town. The committee of arrangement, by request of the orator appointed for the occasion, Mr. ——, collected all the revolutionary veterans they could find within the compass of several miles, and arranged them with fine effect on either side of the chair of the president. Every thing went off charmingly—the dinner was excellent, the wine was delicious—the music was soul-stirring, and the toasts patriotic. After the Declaration of Independence was read, Mr. B—— arose amd addressed the meeting, in a strain of eloquence which called forth heart-felt and rapturous bursts of applause. He dwelt pathetically on the hardships and privations of that little band of heroes who fought by the side of our beloved Washington, through all that memorable struggle which ended in the glorious achievement of our liberties. In the midst of his discourse, he turned round to the old veterans, whose moistened eyes showed how well the chord that awoke in their recollections the thrilling deeds of by-gone days, had been touched, he suddenly questioned a silver-headed septuagenarian:

'What battle, my old friend, have you fought in, won't you tell us?'

'I crossed the Brandywine with Washington; fought at Yorktown, and saw the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.'

'And you,' continued the orator.

'I was at Saratoga; and, I tell you, it done our hearts good to see the red coats march by us with furled banners and reversed arms—fine looking fellows they were, too.'

'And you?'

'I was with General Green through all his southern campaign, and I fought with him in every battle.'

'And you; where were your laurels won?'

'On the sea,' answered the weather-beaten old tar. 'I was with Jones, when he taught the proud Britons that we were as invincible on the ocean as on the land.'

The cheering was tremendous.

The orator went on. 'And you tell us where your honored garlands were earned?—speak, old father, upon what field of blood did *you* behold victory perched upon our flag?'

'Vy, by Jo, I vash at Trenton.'

'Under Washington, gallant soldier, under Washington?'

'O, ya; I vash oonder Vashington, als ven ve soorenders——'

'Surrendered—what do you mean, my old hero? Surrendered!'

'Vy ya, mien her! be sure ve soorrendered oonder Shenderal Vashington; *I vash one of de Hessians!*'

'Ane dere is Michael wid his shour crout face, he vash at Vite Plains wid Lord Rhaudon——.'

'Arrah hush your gab,' cried Michael, 'I desarted to the Americans after they tuck me prisoner."

Imagine, reader, the surprise of the audience, the momentary suspence, and the deafening roar of laughter and plaudits that followed.

For the Native American.

MR. EDITOR: A friend has recently placed in my hands a small pamphlet, entitled "Official Refutation of a Libel!" I hastily ran through its pages, and discovered that it was an attempt at refutation of a charge against G. W. Featherstonhaugh, (by courtesy styled United States' Geologist,) of having appropriated to himself the merits of a map, that had been plotted by an officer of the Topographical Bureau, from the original notes of W. W. Mather, late a Lieutenant in the United States Army.

With the controversy between Mr. Featherstonhaugh and Mr. Mather, I have nothing to do; but I may be permitted to say, that the clumsily written pamphlet of the former gentleman, not only fails in satisfying me that he has been libelled, but even of his claims to the high pretensions he makes to scientific and literary attainments. I venture to state, that no one can read his pamphlet without smiling at the vanity and arrogance of *his* criticism of the Naval Magazine. The Magazine is edited by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, a gentleman distinguished for his learning and chaste writing, who is aided by an advisory committee, at the head of which stands Com. Ridgley; and yet Mr. Geologist Featherstonhaugh has the hardihood to pronounce the following opinion of an article in the Magazine—"For ignorance and bad writing, the article well entitles its authors to a diploma from the forecastle." But let this pass. We can well excuse this natural effusion of spleen in an Englishman, who, no doubt, winces under the recollection of the lawrels won by the gallant Commodore in our last conflict with *his* mother country. Mr. F. also bitterly complains of Professor Silliman, for giving Mr. Mather's charge a conspicuous place in his Journal, especially as that journal has an extensive circulation in Europe. Truly a great compliment to the country that gives him bread, that he should prize the good opinion of Europe more than the good opinion of the people by whom he is supported! Doubtless the Professor saw sufficient evidence in Mr. Mather's publication to convince him of its truth; and I question very much whether the perusal of the refutation will change his conviction, notwithstanding *the powerful assistance* afforded Mr. F. by Major General Macomb and Col. Abert, in his effort to destroy the character of a gentleman who has been an officer of our army, and who honorably and voluntarily retired from it.

I will close this brief notice of the refutation by quoting the last paragraph of it, to expose the geologist's egotism, and let the world see with how much composure and *dignity* he demolishes Professor Silliman! "If the editor was led into *this grave offence* against *me*, (and *I will* add to *the scientific literature of the country*,) merely by sympathies, the world, which is now informed of the true character of *his countryman*, Mr. Mather, can form a probable estimate as to what category those sympathies are to be referred." The words italicised were not so in the original, but thinking that the reader might not give them an emphasis corresponding with the self-importance of the author, I thought it proper to make them conspicuous, so as to arrest the attention, and thereby prevent the geologist from losing any of his consequence by an improper reading of his effusion.

As Congress is in the humor of inquiring into abuses, they may as well ascertain whether the Geologist is worthy of his hire.

A CITIZEN.

For the Native American.

NOTICE ON TULIPS—CONTINUED.

Characteristics of the Tulip of Florists.

The Florist's Tulip, *tulipa Gesneriana*, Lam Herb de l'Amat, Vol. 3, is in all its parts; its stalk bears a flower straight, pointed, without smell; the petals of which are all obtuse.

We are assured that it grows spontaneously on the mountains of Savoy, near Morienne, and in the environs of Nice.

It has many varieties; the two most important of which, are those which are distinguished by the names of *variegated* tulips, and *white* tulips. The first are remarkable for the presence of yellow mixed with other colors, to the exclusion of white. Forty or fifty years back, they were highly esteemed; but obtain very little favor at present: nevertheless many persons still preserve them to contrast, by their dark and variegated tints, with the white tulips. These last, on the contrary, have no trace of yellow: it happens, nevertheless, that the white color of some is browned at the moment of budding; but the action of the sun restores it soon to its original purity of hue. They are divided into, 1st, white tulips, streaked with rose color, red, crimson, carmin, &c. . 2d, white tulips, streaked with violet, amaranthus, purple, lilac, &c.

These white tulips, vulgarly called "Flamandes," are the only ones that are admitted at present in a choice collection; 6 or 800 varieties are enumerated.

IV. *Qualities required of Tulips.*

To be admitted into this privileged class, they must possess all the qualities which amateurs exact from them; the absence of one, causes their certain rejection. They will then offer the following characteristics:

1st. Regularity of form; 2d, harmony of proportion in the different parts; 3d, strength of the stalk and petals; 4th, on each of these, is an union of at least three colors well defined.

1st. From the point of insertion, the petals ought to incline gracefully the third of their height, then describe almost a straight line to the summit, so as to form a kind of chalice, the opening of which should be circular. For this purpose, it is necessary that the summit of the petals should be obtuse, and by no means festooned or cut to a point.

2d. The flower must have in breadth three quarters of its height. The harmony of proportion ought not to obtain only between the various parts of the coronal, but also between it and the staff. The size of the latter ought to be proportioned as much to its own height, as to the volume of the coronal. Thus a flower, the breadth of which equals its height, a long stalk which supports a small flower, or a beautiful coronal planted on a crooked stem, slender or too short, would be so many disproportions which the severe taste of amateurs proscribes in an irrevocable judgment.

3d. Strength of the stalk is absolutely required. It is necessary also that the petals should be well clothed, as they then resist more the action of the solar rays.

4th. Three colors at least are demanded, the splendor of which shall be increased by an union flattering to the eye; they ought to be delicate, clear, well defined, and must form regular designs; they must last until the defloration, without being mingled by the action of the rain, or fade under that of the sun. The white color to which is attributed the durability of the tints in the flower, is much sought for in the points of the petals.

V. *Mode of propagation.*

Tulips are produced in two different manners—by seeds and stones. Propagation by seeds. As it is proved by experience that the variety of a tulip does not reproduce itself by its seeds; that these on the contrary give birth to flowers which differ among themselves, amateurs make use of this mode whenever they wish to obtain new varieties, which they designate by the name of *conquests*. To arrive with more certainty at this result, the chances of success are multiplied in employing none but the seed of choice tulips; and above all, those, the point of whose petals is of a dazzling white, because the conquests which they produce from them require a shorter time to develope their tints than those which proceed from any other tulip.

When the maturity of the grain of a tulip which has flourished in the open sun is announced by the opening of the summit of the capsule, it is rendered complete, by exposing to the air, in a very dry place, the capsule which has been gathered, cutting the stalk some inches lower. Extracted from their capsules after having acquired the required degree of maturity, the seeds ought to be planted, in the month of October, in a bed of soil well prepared, and gone over with the hurdle;—they ought to be covered with a thick bed of six or eight layers of fine and light earth, in order that its want of consistence may not permit it to form a compact crust which would obstruct the growth of the grains. They will be protected from the destructive hail-storms by covering them with leaves, or mats, and they should be weeded when necessary. Favored by all these minute precautions, they will come forth about the end of February.

From the size of a small pea the first year, the root will increase greatly the two following springs. At each one of these periods, when the young leaves are faded, I sprinkle every time on my plants about an inch of earth like that of which I make use to cover the grains. Convinced of the disadvantages, such as the loss of time and the employment of a soil much more extensive, which the taking up of the roots the second year must cause, in common with many others, I only take up mine after the third vegetation, and some days afterwards I replant them at two or three inches deep, and three inches distant in a soil prepared for the purpose. Lastly, each year I replant them in fresh earth, having learned by experience that they attain their perfection in proportion as we the oftener change the location, above all if they contain sand, gravel, earth coming from leaves, if they have been fertilized, for many with good composts, and if they have fed other plants.

Whatever the pains we take in choosing the grains, few perfect flowers are produced at the first blossoming which happens in the fifth year. In the following, they appear in proportion to the good choice which we may have made of the seed which has produced them, or the aptness of the soil. The same process is to be observed as to the improvement in the colors, which at first vague, confused, after the lapse of an uncertain period, characterise themselves in a distinct manner, and acquire the perfection of which they are susceptible. Every tulip out of the seed, and when yet in a rough state, is called *switch* or *color*. This state may last from two to fifteen years, or more. As soon as it presents the required conditions, it assumes that of *conquest*, which it preserves until it has received a final name.

After the first flowering, all those whose coronals are badly made, whose petals are small, or which may have some appearance of yellow or a weak and crooked stem, are weeded out.

After the fall of the petals, the heads (capsules) are cut to give the root the nourishment which the useless grains would have absorbed, and thus accelerate its growth.

The inutility of a number of stones which grow around the young roots, causes them to be destroyed during the time which precedes the complete development of the colors. After the fourth growth, the roots are treated like those of a mature collection.

Propagation by stones. The stones of a tulip produce always a plant indentical with that from which they proceed. The epoch of their flowering is always in proportion to their greater or lesser development: it occurs after a time which varies from one to four years. In a soil prepared in the month of August they are to be planted in September, at two, three, four inches' intervals, according as they are larger or smaller. A great number would die in the drought, if we neglected to put them in the earth until November. In planting and taking them up, the same order is to be observed as is followed in an established collection, in order to avoid all doubt as to the distinguishing of the varieties. Their utility is so much the greater, as they will serve to repair the losses which the severity of the seasons or unforseen accidents might cause in the old collection.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FEMALES.

From Cooper's "Gleanings in Europe."

The young play a very different part in Europe from that which is confided to them at home. On the continent of Europe—though girls of condition are now permitted to mingle a little with the world previously to marriage—it is under severe restraint, and with much reserve. The English have greater latitude allowed them, though infinitely less than is granted with us. They still play a secondary part in society, and are subjected to a good deal of restraint. I should say that tone, reflection, and perhaps necessity, impart more *retenu* of manner here, than it is common to see with us, though girls of good families, certainly the daughters of good mothers at home, come pretty nearly up to the level of English deportment. It is the *pele-mele* of society in towns that double their population in fifteen years that is so destructive of manners with us. In the general scramble, no set remains long enough in a prominent situation to form a model. The growth of the country has this sin to answer for, as well as many others that are imputed to the institutions. In brief, then, a better manner prevailed at these balls than is usually met with at ours. I say usually—for I know exceptions in America—but our present concern is with the rule. There was less noise, nothing of the nursery, and generally that superiority of air, which is a natural consequence of minds more scrupulously trained and cultivated, and of a breeding subjected to laws more unyielding and arbitrary. Do not whisper these opinions, I beseech you, to any of your acquaintances, lest they murder me.

In making these comparisons, however, I do not wish to be misunderstood. I could fill a drawing-room, even in New York, that Babel of manners, with women who should do credit to any country. The difficulty would not be to select, but to exclude.

I have certainly met with a few instances of the exuberant manner among English women, but never among the higher classes. In a caste or two, lower in the social scale, it is not uncommon, and there is a set in which it actually appears to be the *mode*. Taking one example from this specimen of the nation, I will describe her, in order that you may know, not *whom*, but *what*, I mean.

Imagine a pretty woman, who will put herself in the centre of the floor alone, *entertaining* two or three men! She talks loud, laughs much, and has altogether a most startling confidence about her; she looks her companion full in the eye, with a determined innocence that makes him feel like a victim, and causes him to wish for a fan. This is a decided garrison manner, and has little or no success at London. Something like it might be seen in the house to which I first went this evening, but nothing like it at the two others.

* * * *

The English women are a little apt to strike an American, as, in a slight degree, less feminine than her own countrywomen. There is something in the greater robustness of their *physique* to give rise to such a feeling, and I think they are, to a trifling extent, more pronounced in air. While they are much more punctiliously polite, they are scarcely as gracious. There is certainly less nature about them, though there is more frankness of exterior. All their conduct is rigidly regulated, and while they give you their hands in the manner of friendship, you do not feel as much at home, as with the American, who does not even rise to receive you, and who protects the extremities of her fingers as if they were not the prettiest in the world. While the English woman would command the most respect, the American would win most on your feelings, in a general intercourse. I believe both to be among the best wives and mothers, that the world contains. The English aid nature, in all things—while the Americans too often mar it. No wowen do so much injustice to themselves, as the latter; their singularly feminine exterior requiring softness and mildness of voice and deportment—a tone that their unformed habits have suffered to be supplanted by the rattle of hoydens and the giggling of the nursery. I have seen many a young American, who has reminded me of a nightingale roaring. It is a pity that they do not seek models among the better society of their own country, instead of the inferior sets of Europe.—*Vol. 2d, Letter 18th.*

OUR COUNTRY.

Liberty does not mean independence of law. But the right of self-government by our own laws.

Freedom for every one to do as he pleases without regard to the rights of others, is anarchy—not republicanism.

Equality does not mean that each should have the same amount of property as every other, nor that all should have the same calling. To demand this would be as if we should ask that the earth should be all hill, or all valley.

There must be a diversity of condition among men as long as there are differences in character and capacity and different ends to be answered in civil society.

By equality, I mean that all shall be equally protected in their rights, and have the opportunity to rise by their industry and well doing, according to their several ability.

We have no despotic government, costing a hundred fold more than sufficient to sustain a republic. We have no landed aristocracy—no union of Church and State—and no sinecure priesthood. No minister with us can be settled uncalled by his hearers, but each one stands upon his own character without anything to break the force of responsibility—and is in his calling urged by as powerful necessities as is the farmer.

The soil belongs to us—and is owned in fee simple, and for the most part, by its cultivators, or is in the hands of Government for sale, for the benefit of the whole, or to any who may wish to purchase.

Our constitution and our laws are our own; they were made and are sustained and enjoyed by ourselves. There never was such a people, never such a luxuriant and boundless soil thrown open for the benefit of the cultivators—never, since earth was made, have men been let loose under the stimulus of such high hope and the pressure of such motive to continued action.

And we are a wonder to many, and a wonder even to ourselves.

But how to preserve liberty, 'there's the rub.' Other nations have made themselves free, but their light of life has been like the meteor's glow—flashing athwart the horizon and going down in endless night. Shall it be thus with ours? Have we been called into the light of liberty and shown what we may be, only to be thrust back into more terrible darkness?

I trust not. I trust we shall shine brighter and brighter, till the nations, encouraged by our success, shall break their chains and walk erect and free over the fair earth which God has given them.

When at first we set up for independence, Kings, Nobles, and Priesthood stood aghast! They pitied us poor orphans who had no 'Church and State' to take care of us—they feared that we should all go back again to skins and acorns.

But we have kept along for 50 years or more, and we have in that time made some bread stuff, some cloth, and considerable pork: and we have thoughts of trying it 50 years more—and if we stick to the good old way of 'Virtue and Liberty,' I think we shall succeed.—[*Dr. Beecher.*

CURIOUS BIRD.—One of the most singular species of the feathered tribe probably in this country, may be seen at the store of Mr. John P. Besonet, No. 60 Nassau street. We are not sufficiently versed in ornithology to say to what genus this remarkable bird belongs, any more than it is said to be a native of the East Indies, is principally black, with a yellow streak near the neck, and about the size of a crow. Its greatest peculiarity consists in its close imitation of the human voice, and the accuracy and distinctness with which it pronounces a number of words and sentences that it has been taught, and the facility with which it catches and repeats almost every description of sound. It has the facility not merely of repeating what is said to it, but also making pertinent replies to ordinary questions put to it. Its voice closely resembles that of the old gentleman to whom it belongs, and for whom it seems to have an affectionate regard. When a stranger enters the store, the bird usually calls out to its master in the adjoining, "uncle John —— somebody in the store." If it be asked by a stranger what its name is, it readily answers "Mingo"—"poor Mingo." And not unfrequently returns the interrogatory "what's your name?" It salutes every one that comes in, with a cordial "good morning," laughs heartily at all jokes which pass at its expense, whistles an infinite variety of tunes, coughs like an old man in the consumption—and in short is so perfect in its imitation of the human voice, as to deceive any one who has never before heard him.—*N. Y. Express.*

It has been stated that 2,500 foreigners were manufactured into American citizens for the recent election in New York, very many of whom, there is good reason to believe, have not resided in the country the required number of years. If we go on at this rate, how long will the right of suffrage remain worth the exercise or the possession by a native American? When will our people wake up to their danger? The foreign vote is now thrown into the scale of one or the other of the parties which are composed mainly of natives of the soil; but will this always be so? Have not these foreigners already intimated that it is time to set up for themselves? And they will set up for themselves, and that too at a day by no means distant. When the time does arrive, let it be remembered that there was at least one watchman that did not join in the cry, "All's well."—*N. A Citizen.*

MATRIMONIAL EPIGRAM.—Matrimonial epigrams, in the main, are undeserving either commendation or publicity. The following claims exception from the remark. It is on the marriage of Mr. Charles Headache to Miss Mary Workman of Philadelphia:

"Nay smile not, simper not, ye fair,
For mocking's catching—so beware—
In time take warning—
Not the first Workman, she, sweet sylph,
Who went well pleased to rest, poor elf,
And with a Headache found herself
The morrow morning."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Come, see the Dolphin's anchors forged,
'Tis at a white heat now;
The little flames still fitfully
Play through the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see
The grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply,
Their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here—
Some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains,
The black mound heaves below,
And, red and deep, a hundred veins
Burst out at every throe:
It rises, roars, rends all outright—
O, Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright;
The high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth,
Such fiery, fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth,
The ruddy lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band,
Like men before the foe;
As quivering through his fleece of flame,
The sailing monster, slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about,
The faces fiery grow—
'Hurrah!' they shout, 'leap out!—leap out;
Bang, bang, the sledges go:
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings
Are hissing high and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck
At every up-heaved blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail;
The rattling cinders strow
The ground around; at every bound
The sweltering fountains flow:
And thick and loud, the shrinking crowd,
At every stroke, pant 'ho!'

Leap out, leap out, my masters;
Leap out and lay on load!
L- t's forge a goodly anchor;
A bower thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging
At every blow, I bode;
And I see the good ship riding,
All in a perilous road,
The low reef roaring on her lee;
The roll of Ocean pour'd
From stem to stem, sea after sea;
The mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone;
The boats stove at the chains;
But courage still, brave mariners—
The bower yet remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns,
Save when ye pitch sky high,
Then moves his head, as though he said,
'Fear nothing—here am I.'

In livid and obdurate gloom,
He darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong,
As e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trust-worthy guard,
If though hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward,
Beneath the deep green sea;
O deep sea-diver, who might then
Behold such sights as those?
The hoary monster's palaces,
Methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plumb plunging down amid
The assembly of the whales,
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil
Beneath their scourging tails!

O lodger in the sea-king's halls,
Could'st thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side,
Or who that dripping band
Slow swaying in the heaving waves,
That round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream,
Blessing their ancient friend—
Oh! could'st thou know what heroes glide
With larger steps round thee,
Thine iron sides would swell with pride;
Thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories,
Who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely,
For the love of Father-land—
Who left their chance of quiet age,
And grassy church-yard grave,
So freely, for a restless bed
Amid the tossing wave—
Oh! though our anchor may not be
All I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory
Whose bones he goes among!

From Alexander's Weekly Messenger

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

The stranger's heart, oh! guard it well,
'Tis gentle as a flower,
Crush'd by the tempest's angry swell,
Bright in the summer hour.

Trusting as woman's earliest love,
Free from the taint of art,
Pure as the fond, and faithful dove,
Oh! guard the stranger's heart.

Deal with it gently! it hath known
Perchance, a world of woe,
And sorrow's sad and lingering tone,
Hath reached it long ago.

The thorns of many a wither'd flower,
Have left their aching smart,
Oh! guard it in the tempest's hour,
Cherish the stranger's heart.

Far from his pleasant home of birth,
His kindred and his land,
He meets us at the household hearth
A stranger 'mong the band.

No eye of early friendship there,
Love's cherish'd looks impart,
Then with thy kindness chase the care,
That chains the stranger's heart.

The stranger's heart, oh! guard it well,
Love's broken links unite,
Banish its dark, and fearful spell,
Joy's once glad lamp relight.

Twine round its weakened cords, thine own,
And wheresoe'er thou art,
Support with kindly act and tone,
The stranger's wounded heart.

GIVING A TIGER A PINCH OF SNUFF.—Dr. Dunlap, while in the East Indies, conquered a royal tiger with a bladder of Scoth snuff. The doctor having crossed the river Ganges with his quarterly allowance (seven pounds) of snuff, observed a tiger at some distance. Being without guns he ordered his men to use their oars as weapons of defence. They formed into a close column, with their backs to windward, whilst the doctor emptied the contents of a bladder into a piece of canvass and danced upon it till it became as fine as dust. The tiger continued winding, and occasionally crouched. When he approached within 20 yards of the party, the doctor discharged about half a pound of the amunition, part of which was carried by the strong wind into the face of the tiger. The tiger growled, shook his head, and retreated. In a few minutes he returned to the charge, approaching the party cautiously, rubbing his eyes with his fore legs. When within about fifteen yards of the party, he again crouched, and was preparing to make his murderous spring, the doctor and his party let fly at him about two pounds of snuff, which told well, for the royal tiger commenced roaring, and springing into the Ganges, fled to the opposite shore. For this achievement the doctor received two hundred rupees, a silver snuff box, and the title of Tiger from a native prince.

TWO TO TWO.—Mr. Wilkie, a gentleman of sporting propensities, met a friend of his: 'Ah Richards, how are ye, my boy? You are just the fellow I wanted. You must be umpire between me and Hickley. We are going to have a trotting match; my grays against some of his cattle.' Richards.—'Ah, indeed! that is a curious coincidence, Hickley and I are after the very same thing. How are you going?' Wilkie.—'In our phætons, two horses to two.' Richards.—'Extraordinary! We are *two to two too!* And where are you to run to?' (With a prophetic grin.) Wilkie.—'To Too-Tooting.' Richards.—Well, this is surprising! We are *two to two too, to Tooting too.*"